

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

*M. Page.* Here comes little Robin. (with you?

*Mist. Ford.* How now my Eyas-Musker, what newes

*Rob.* My M. Sir John is come in at your backe doore

(*Mist. Ford.* and requests your company.

*M. Page.* You little Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs

*Rob.* I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he swears he'll turne me away.

*Mist. Pag.* Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

*Mist. Ford.* Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mist. Page.* remember you your *Qu.*

*Mist. Pag.* I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

*Mist. Ford.* Go-too then: we'll vse this vnuholosome humidity, this grosse-warry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

*Fal.* Haue I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

*Mist. Ford.* O sweet Sir John.

*Fal.* *Mist. Ford.* I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist. Ford.* now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

*Mist. Ford.* I your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.

*Fal.* Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

*Mist. Ford.* A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir John:

My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a femi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, werenot Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mist. Ford.* Beleue me, ther's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lipping-haithorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it.

*M. Ford.* Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue *M. Page.*

*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

*Mist. Ford.* Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you shall one day finde it.

*Fal.* Keepe in that minde, Ile deferue it.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.

*Rob.* *Mist. Ford.* *Mist. Ford.* heere's *Mist. Page* at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs speake with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me, I will enconce me behinde the Arras.

*M. Ford.* Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

*Mist. Page.* O *mist. Ford* what haue you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

*M. Ford.* What's the matter, good *mist. Page*?

*M. Page.* O weladay, *mist. Ford*, hauing an honest man to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspicion.

*M. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*M. Page.* What cause of suspicion? Out vpon you: How am I mistooke in you?

*M. Ford.* Why (alas) what's the matter?

*M. Page.* Your husband's comming hether (*Woman*) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are vndone.

*M. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*M. Page.* Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

*M. Ford.* What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

*M. Page.* For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and you had rather: your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conueyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you decei'd me? I looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

*M. Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't: Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

*M. Page.* What Sir John *Falstaffe*? Are these your Letters, Knight?

*Fal.* I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer

*M. Page.* Helpe to couer your master (*Boy*): Call your men (*Mist. Ford*), You dissembling Knight.

*M. Ford.* What *John*, *Robert*, *John*; Go, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Datchet* mead: quickly, come.

*Ford.* 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest, I deferue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

*Ser.* To the Landresse forsooth?

*M. Ford.* Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Bucke? I would I could wash my selfe of *5* Buckes: Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant we'll vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now vacape.

*Page.* Good master *Ford*, be contented: *Sir* You wrong your selfe too much.

*Ford.* True (*master Page*) vp Gentlemen, You shall see sport anon:

Follow me Gentlemen.

*Euans.* This is fery fantastical humors and ieaousies.

*Cains.* By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France:

It is not ieaous in France.

*Page.* Nay follow him (*Gentlemen*) see the yssue of his search.

*Mist. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mist. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, That my husband is deceiued, or Sir John.

*Mist. Page.* What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

*Mist. Ford.* I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefite.

*Mist. Page.* Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all of the same straine, were in the same distress.

*Mist. Ford.* I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of *Falstaffe* being heere: for I neuer saw him so grosse in his ieaousie till now.

*Mist. Page.* I will lay a ploy to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falstaffe*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mist. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish Carion, *Mist. Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mist. Page.* We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

*Ford.* I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compass.

*Mist. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mist. Ford.* You vse me well, *M. Ford*? Do you?

*Ford.* I, I do so.

*M. Ford.* Heauen make you better then your thoughts

*Ford.* Amen.

*Mist. Page.* You do your selfe mighty wrong (*M. Ford*) *Ford.* I, I: I must beare it.

*Eu.* If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the prestles: heauen forgive my sins at the day of iudgement.

*Cains.* Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

*Page.* Fy, fy, *M. Ford*, are you not asham'd? What spirit, what diuell suggests this imagination? I would not haue your distemper in this kind, for *5* welth of *Windsor* castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault (*M. Page*) I suffer for it.

*Euans.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Cai.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well, I promis'd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hercater make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come *Mist. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my howse to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so?

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eu.* If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie *Cai.* If there be one, or two, I shall make a-theturd.

*Ford.* Pray you go, *M. Page*.

*Euans.* I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowse knaue, mine Host.

*Cai.* Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

*Euans.* Alowse knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries.

*Exunt.*

Enter Fenton, Anne

Quickly,

*Fen.* I see I cannot g

Therefore no more turn

*Anne.* Alas, how

*Fen.* Why thou mu

He doth object, I am t

And that my state being

I seeke to heale it onely

Besides these, other bar

My Riots past, my wild

And tels me 'tis a thing

I should loue thee, but

*An.* May be he telys

No, heauen so speed

Albeit I will confesse, th

Was the first motiue tha

Yet wooing thee, I four

Then stamps in Gold, o

And 'tis the very riches o

That now I ayme at.

*An.* Gentle *M. Fent*

Yet seeke my Fathers lo

If opportunity and humi

Cannot attaine it, why t

*Shal.* Breake their tal

My Kinsman shall speake

*Slen.* Ile make a shaft o

*Shal.* Be not dismayd.

*Slen.* No, she shall not

I care not for that, but th

*Qui.* Hark ye, *M. Slen*

*An.* I come to him. T

O what a world of wilde

Looks hand some in thr

*Qui.* And how do's go

Pray you a word with yo

*Shal.* Shee's comming

O boy, thou hadst a fath

*Slen.* I had a father (*M*

iests of him: pray you *V*

my Father stole two Gee

*Shal.* *Mist. Anne*, my

*Slen.* I that I do, as wel

cesterhire:

*Shal.* He will maintai

*Slen.* I that I will, com

degree of a Squire.

*Shal.* He will make yo

ioynture,

*Anne.* Good Maister

selfe.

*Shal.* Marrie I thanke

that good comfort: she c

*Anne.* Now Master *S*

*Slen.* Now good *Mist*

*Anne.* What is your w

*Slen.* My will? O do

iest indeede: I ne're mad

uen:) I am not such a sic

praise.